NUMB. XIX.

Heraclitus Ridens.

A Diſcourſe between JEST and EARNEST concerning the TIMES.

To be continued Weekly.

THURSDAY *June* 5. 1718.

Jeſt. MORE wry Faces? Nay, then our rejoycing in our laſt for the happy *RESTORATION* of the *KING* and *ROYAL FAMILY*, has had but little Effect upon that Saturnine Temper of yours, and the Wine we drank upon that Occaſion has been perfectly loſt.

Earneſt. You are quite on the wrong ſide of the Mark. There are no Grounds for Complaint of want of Loyalty, as to the Generality of the People on that Day, ſome few *Inſignificants* only excepted, as the two Authors of the *Flying-Poſt*, and *St. James's Poſt*, who knowing the Bent of the Majority of this Popolous City, and indeed, that of the whole Kingdom, and foreſeeing as much as their weak Intellects would let them? How it would incline them to exert themſelves in Memory of an Anniverſary, that even King *George* himſelf ow'd his Succeſſion to, made it their Endeavour, by Way of Evaſion, to derive the Streams of Joy that would be flowing from thence from another Spring, and to turn it ſelf into a quite different Channel, than the Act of Parliament directed it to, by ſaying, it was the Birth-Day of the two young Princeſſes.

Jeſt. Inſignificants indeed! Thoſe two Perſons are grown ſo very low as to the Eſteem of the World, as to be worthy of no one's Obſervations but their own. The Proverb is at this time likely to be fulfill'd, and now they are fallen together by the Ears about *Religion*, which neither of them has any Right to lay claim to, it is to be hoped, thoſe that *have*, will come to an undiſturbed Enjoyment of thoſe Privileges, whereunto they are happily entitled by the Laws of this Realm. But I have News to tell you from another Quarter. It ſeems theſe two City *Scavingers* of all the *Filth* and *Naſtineſs* of the Town and Suburbs, are not without their *PEER* in the Country; and there is a certain Village not much above a Mile from *Hampton* Court, who in oppoſition to a Day of Thankſgiving appointed by Law, tho' formerly a Student in one of our Inns of Court, has had the Hardineſs to act in Contempt of it, by the moſt opprobrious Language againſt thoſe that obſerv'd it, and the moſt inſolent Violence and Outrage againſt the very *Church*,

Church, wherein Divine Service was celebrated in Memory of that Feſtival.

Earneſt. So near one of the Royal Palaces, which the King has in his ſpecial good liking, and ſo preſumptuous in Contempt of a Day, without which it had never been the Place of his Reſidence? He may learn to be otherwiſe for the future, from the Example of the Court of *Kenſington*, wherein it was not only obſerved as a *Collar Day*, by all Demonſtrations of Joy, and Gaiety, but celebrated after ſuch a manner, that the meaneſt Centinels upon Duty partook of the Benefits thereof, by a very bountiful and handſome Refreſhment of ſeveral Hogſheads of good Liquors, or my Informant Wrongs me. But the Name of this Monſter of Ingratitude, the Place wherein thoſe Facts were committed, and the Particulars of the Charge you have brought againſt him?

Jeſt. Thoſe I am not to ſeek for. My Correſpondent from *Twickenham* gives me to underſtand, that one Mr. *M—d*, either a Barriſter at Law, or an Attorney, and an Inhabitant of that Place, having ſolemniz'd the 28th of *May*, with leſs Temperance than his Majeſty himſelf would give encouragement to, in any of his loving Subjects, and diſburthen'd himſelf of his whole Stock of Joy and Merriment on that Anniverſary, was awaken'd ſoon after Twelve, the next Morning, by a Peal from the Pariſh Bells, which gave Teſtimonies of the better Part of that Pariſhes Gratitude, for their Deliverance 58 Years ſince from Oppreſſion and Tyranny. Hereupon, what does our Spark, but Champion like, arm'd at all Hands with Piſtol and Ball, ruſh out of his Enchanted Caſtle, to know the Occaſion of the Noiſe that was got in his Head, and would not ſuffer him to take his Reſt, and ſleep off his Yeſterdays Debauch. As to that part of the Story, he had all the Satisfaction that cou'd be given to a reaſonable Man; but, alas, he had no Title to be thought one: For after he had curs'd the Ringers, and ran through the whole Circle of Oaths and Execrations, in imitation of their Diviſions and Changes in the Belfry, againſt the Church-Wardens, and others that ſet them to Work, and challeng'd the Dean of *Rocheſter*, the Rector, his Man, to enter the Liſt with him in Vindication of his Maſter, whom he very mannerly call'd all the Rogues in the Rainbow, an Heroical Fit of Knight-Errantry took him all of a ſudden, and ſeizing upon his Intellects, that bid adieu to him at the ſight of ſome *Oaken Boughs* that were erected on the Top of the Steeple, near the *Sans Bell*, made him Diſcharge his Piſtols with great Indignation at that Type of *Antichriſt*, and the *Whore of Babylon*; and there is no Room to imagine, but he would have follow'd that with other *Vollies*, in order to make a *Breach*, and *Storm* the Body of the Place that held ſuch wicked Emblems of *Popery* and *Idolatry* in it, had not Mr. Somebody taken the Liberty of raiſing the Seige, by letting him down gently from the Church-yard Wall, and of Releiving the Beſieged from the Fears and Apprehenſions, it is but natural to conclude, they muſt needs have lain under, from ſo enterprizing a Genius, and from ſo knowing a *PRACTITIONER* in the *Art Military*.

Earneſt. A Piece of Chivalry truly rarely to be found in any of our Antient or Modern *Romances*, but I am ſo griev'd at Heart, and have ſuch an Oppreſſion thereon from a Story juſt come to Hand, tho' the Fact therein contain'd have been tranſacted ſometime ſince, that I have not Time to the proper Remarks may be thought to deſerve.

Jeſt. Uſe your own Pleaſure as to that Point, ſince ſuch Ebullitions of a Fanatick and Miſtaken Zeal, may be ſaid to Comment upon themſelves, and want no other *Animadverſions* than what they give us in their very Recital; but I pray you, old Friend, to unburthen yourſelf. Diſcharge that load of Sorrow that hinders the Paſſage of the Blood through the *Valves* of your Heart, and puts a Stop to its due Circulations. What doleful Paragraph have you now got Poſſeſſion of? Has the *Muſty* prevail'd with the great *Turk* to murder all the Chriſtians in his Dominions? Has the *Czar* of *Muſcovy* caus'd any more decent Executions to be made in his Territories? Have the Kings of *Spain*, *Sweden* and *Sicily* join'd their Naval Armaments together? Or the Duke of *Mecklenbergh's* Forces taken Wing, flown *North* about *Scotland*, and taken part with *Robert Roy* the Maroding Highlander there?

Earneſt. None of theſe Enthuſiaſtick Flights I beſeech you, about impoſſibilities, which may come to paſs when *Whiggiſm* ſhall ceaſe to be a convertible Term with *Cruelty*, and it ſhall be in uſe with a certain Party to mete that to others which they would have meaſur'd out to themſelves. You have heard of *Delaun's* Plea for

for the Nonconformists, a Book which the Dissenters give out to be unanswerable, and to refute the Arguments of which, they have often challeng'd the most able Men of the establish'd Communion.

Jest. Heard of it, yes, and read it too, with many notable Replies to it. But among all the Authors that have yet forbid that *Goliah* of a Disputant, I have met with not one to this Day, that has not encounter'd him with such Advantage on his Side, as one Mr. *Hart*, who they say is a Bricklayer by Trade, and with his *Pen* and *Trowel*, like another *David* with his *Scrip* and *Sling*, has so fairly flung him upon his Back, that there is little or no Danger of his rising any more.

Earnest. That's the very Man I am going to speak of. His Life carried as much Conviction with it, as his Writings, and what he wanted in Education, was fully compensated with such Gifts from above, and as few Men of the most consummate Learning ever attain'd to. Yet has this valuable, this singulary Pious, and most exemplary Christian, for his Defence of the Establish'd Church, in the Book you mention called the BULWARK STORMED, printed for Mr. *Innys* in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, met with such Usage, from his Enemies, that my very Tongue trembles to relate it.

Jest. Never fear Man; the World has been pritty much us'd of late to Severities of the harshest Kind, and what with *Impalements alive*, from Abroad, and *Barbarities* of another Nature, nearer home, will be able to digest any Story you can tell 'em without *Puking*, howsoever *squeamish* your own Stomach may be.

Earnest. Know then that the Person before-mention'd, who had made himself, by his Writings, the BUT whereat the whole Quiver of the Dissenters Arrows were directed, had the Misfortune of being so tender of Conscience, as not to comply with the Oath to be taken to the Government.

Jest. A Nonjuror say you? Where's Mr. *Cibber*? Why was not he play'd against him to bring him over from his Delusion with his Theatrical Entertainments? But I interrupt you—

Earnest. You do so indeed, with Things nothing to the Purpose. Now this Man labouring under the Disadvantages of the above-said *Recusancy*, and the Difficulties of maintaining a Wife, and several Children, whom he had been oblig'd to leave at *Rochester*, in Quest of a proper Livelyhood; a little before the Holy-days (when he went from his Lodgings in *Nightingale-Lane*, at *Lime-House* to visit his Family) prevail'd with a Clergyman of the same Communion with himself, to go down to *Rochester* with him, there to administer the blessed Sacrament to him, and others, on *Easter-Day*. At his Arrival there, Things were not carried so very secretly, but his Enemies the *Dissenters* &c. in and about the City, who had laid a Scheme for removing him much farther off, got Notice of it, and made Preparations accordingly for his Reception; and having so posted themselves at all the Avenues, that it was impossible for him to escape, under what Pretence I know not, after the Celebration of Divine Service, he alone was singled out of the whole Congregation, hurried on Board a Ship, said to be bound to the Plantations, there loaded with Irons, and from that Day to this, has not been heard of.

Jest. And this you aver to be Matter of Fact? I could almost as soon believe the *Alcoran*.

Earnest. 'Tis what all *Lime-House* rings of. Go to the Widow *Robsons* there, at her House in *Nightingale-Lane*, where he lodg'd, and you may hear further.

Jest. Villains, Kidnappers — Why have not the higher Powers been made appriz'd of this unexampled Treatment of a Free-Born, and most inoffensive Subject? There is no Room to doubt but his poor Orphan Family will have Justice done them, upon due Complaint.

Earnest. The Persons that gave me this Information have not, as yet, given me any manner of Light, as to that Particular; neither do I know whether Application has been made in their Behalf to the proper Magistrate. However, nothing can be more certain, than that upon such Application; no Person, now in Power, will give us a Handle to say, that *he bears the Sword in vain*, but of what Country soever he be, whether *Kent*, or elsewhere, will make it his Endeavour to find out, detect, and bring to condign Punishment, the Authors of as hellish a Contrivance, as ever was put in Execution in a Christian Country.

Jest. There are Laws enough to countenance such as shall take this Method of spiriting Folks away, into their Cognizance. If falling within the Reach of the *Transportation Act*, is according to this Practice of the *Dissenters*; the Consequence of writing upon *Contra-*

versal

verſal Points, they may write on, and go without any thing like an *Anſwer* for me to the end of the Chapter.

Earneſt. I hold the ſame Reſolution with you, till better Opportunities ſhall offer for our Encouragement. (*going.*)

Jeſt. One Minute's longer Patience before we diſmiſs the Diſcourſe of this Day, in favour of a very honeſt Fellow, whoſe Houſe you and I have been very Merry at, and who has been ſcandalouſly attack'd by the Author of the *Flying-Poſt*'s Journyman in his Paper of *Tueſday* laſt. The Paragraph runs thus; 'We 'hear that ſome Days ago, Dr. *Sacheverel*'s 'Ale and Stout Seller, on *Holborn-Hill*, going 'into a Coffee houſe, and calling for the *Lying-Poſt*, had the *Poſt-boy* brought him, which 'for want of being able to read (ſee the Purity 'of this Hackney Writers Diction) he tore 'in Pieces with a great Rage (inſtead of *in*) 'by way of Revenge on the *Flying-poſt*. On 'his Majeſty's Birth day, he likewiſe hiſſed at 'a *Bonfire* in the Street, and would have tore 'that too, if it had not been too hot for his 'Fingers.' Your Opinion of this elaborate Piece of Intelligence.

Earneſt. It ſpeaks the Nature of the Beaſt that gave Birth to it, and the Toy-Shop from whence it was pupp'd. He might as well have call'd his Friend *Mackerel*, *Dr. SACHEVERAL's Canes-maker*, as Mr. P—— his *Ale and Stout Seller*, ſince the Doctor has Dealings with both alike, who are equally his Pariſhioners. But the Perſon abus'd by this *Recreant*, is capable of doing himſelf Juſtice, and when he lights on him, will, in all probability, give him a *Dorſetſhire* Hug, or exerciſe one of his *Coffee-man's* Oaken Towels over him in exchange for his Civilities; ſince all that know him, can bear Witneſs that he can *Read*, much better than his Detractor can *Write*, and tho' *W*—— ſhould write Scandalous Paragraphs *ad infinitum*, he ſhall never think them fit for any other Uſe, than to be *torn*, and *wip'd off*; ſince it is next to an impoſſibility, that any Thing ſhou'd be too hot for his Fingers, that has neither *Heat* nor *Fire* in it; and the *burning* of them with any lifeleſs Compoſure of his, is like to what was ſaid of Mr. *Sly*, the *King's Hatter*, who *burn'd his Fingers* with a *Cold Water* Project.

Advertiſement.

WRIGHTS's *Diuretick or Cleanſing* Tincture, which urinally diſcharges all the Fœces or putrid Relicks of the Lues Alamode, or veneral Infection, and chaſes its Concomitants, the wretched Retinue of that complicated Diſtemper, and carries off all mucous filthy ſanious Matter lodg'd in the Reins, and elſewhere by ill Cures, which either cauſe a Sharpneſs in the Urine, or too frequantly provokes it. This Relick is diſcoverable partly by the ſubſequent Symptoms; by a Debility or Weakneſs of the Back; a fœtid and nauſeous Smell of the Urine, with a purulent Matter, or feculent Sordes reſiding at the bottom, or flying in it, with Variety of Figures, reſembling Hairs, Skins, Threads, &c. which, if not timely prevented, cauſe Ulcers or Stranguaries, impair Nature, unhinge the Fabrick of the Body, and render Life it ſelf very precarious. Farther, it effectually frees the Body from all Relicks of the venereal Diſeaſe after ill-manag'd Cures, not only cleanſing the Urinary Paſſages of all Sand, Gravel, Films or Membranous Pellicles, but after a ſingular Efficacy invigorates the Reins, reſtoring them and all the Genitals to their Original Tone and Uſe, tho' the Misfortune and Decay be of the longeſt Date, with an equal Succeſs in either Sex. To be had of the Author Dr. *Wright*, at his Houſe at the two *Golden Heads* and two *Square Lamps* in *Wine-Office-Court*, *Fleet-ſtreet*, for Ten Shillings *per* Bottle, with Directions for its Uſe.

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